

Abb. I Sir, a Mifterie.
Clo. Painting Sir, I haue heard say, is a Mifterie; and your Whores sir, being members of my occupation, v-
 fing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Mifterie: but
 what Mifterie there should be in hanging, if I should
 be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abb. Sir, it is a Mifterie.

Clo. Prooue.

Abb. Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man
 thinks it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your
 Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough: So euerie
 true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serue him: For I do finde your Hang-
 man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth
 oftner aske forgiveness.

Pro. You sirrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe
 to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abb. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my
 Trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you haue
 occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shall finde
 me yare. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a
 good turne.

Pro. Call hether Barnardine and Claudio:
 Th'one has my pitie; not a jot the other,
 Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant Claudio, for thy death,
 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
 Thou must be made immortall. Where's Barnardine?

Cla. As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,
 When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones,
 He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
 Well, go, prepare your selfe. But hark, what noise?
 Heauen giue your spirits comfort: by, and by,
 I hope it is some pardon, or repreeue
 For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,
 Inuollop you, good Prouost: who call'd here of late?

Pro. None since the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not Isabell?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not so, nor so: his life is paralel'd
 Euen with the stroke and line of his great Iustice:

He doth with holie abstinence subdue
 That in himselfe, which he spurs on his powre
 To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous,
 But this being so, he's iust. Now are they come.

This is a gentle Prouost, sildome when

The steeld Gaoler is the friend of men:

How now? what noise? That spirit's posselt with haft,
 That wounds th'vnfisting Posterne with these strokes.

Pro. There he must stay vntil the Officer

Arise to let him in: he is call'd vp.

Duke. Haue you no countermand for Claudio yet?

But he must die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning Prouost, as it is,
 You shall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely

You something know: yet I beleue there comes
 No countermand: no such example haue we:
 Besides, vpon the verie siege of Iustice,
 Lord Angelo hath to the publike eare
 Profest the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And heere comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note,

And by mee this further charge;

That you sweue not from the smallest Article of it,
 Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.

Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sin,
 For which the Pardoner himselfe is in:

Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,

When it is borne in high Authority.

When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended,

That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.

Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:

Lord Angelo (be-like) thinking me remisse

In mine Office, awakens mee

With this vnwonted putting on, methinks strangely:

For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatsoeuer you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be ex-
 ecuted by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone Barnar-
 dine: For my better satisfaction, let mee haue Claudio's
 head sent me by fine. Let this be duely performed with
 thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliuer.
 Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will answere it at
 your perill.

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be execu-
 ted in th'afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurst vp & bred,
 One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not
 either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I
 haue heard it was euer his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Repreeues for him:
 And indeed his fact till now in the gouernment of Lord
 Angelo, came not to an vndoubtfull proofe.

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dread-
 fully, but as a drunken sleepe, careless, wreacklesse, and
 fearelesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible
 of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duke. He wants aduice.

Pro. He wil heare none: he hath euermore had the li-
 berty of the prison: giue him leaue to escape hence, hee
 would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies
 entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to
 carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming war-
 rant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

Duke.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your
 brow Prouost, honesty and constancie; if I reade it nor
 trully, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes
 of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: Claudio,
 whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater
 forfeit to the Law, then Angelo who hath sentenc'd him.
 To make you vnderstand this in a manifested effect, I
 craue but foure daies respite: for the which, you are to
 do me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Having the houre li-
 mited, and an expresse command, vnder penaltie, to de-
 liuer his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my
 case as Claudio's, to crosse this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,

If my instructions may be your guide,

Let this Barnardine be this morning executed,

And his head borne to Angelo.

Pro. Angelo hath sent them both,

And will discouer the fauour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may
 adde to it; Shaue the head, and tie the beard, and say it
 was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his
 death: you know the course is common. If any thing
 fall to you vpon this, more then thanks and good for-
 tune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against
 it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the De-
 putie?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you haue made no offence, if
 the Duke auouch the iustice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since
 I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor
 perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further
 then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke
 you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you
 know the Character I doubt not, and the Signet is not
 strange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the
 Duke; you shall anon ouer-reade it at your pleasure:
 where you shall finde within these two daies, he will be
 heere. This is a thing that Angelo knowes not, for hee
 this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchance
 of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Mo-
 nasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke,
 th'vnfolding Starre calles vp the Shepheard; put not
 your selfe into amazement, how these things should be;
 all difficulties are but easie vwhen they are knowne. Call
 your executioner, and off with Barnardines head: I will
 giue him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better
 place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely re-
 solve you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our
 house of profession: one would thinke it were Mistris

Over-dons owne house, for heere be manie of her olde
 Customers. First, heere's yong Mr. Rabb, hee's in for a
 commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine
 score and seenteene pounds, of which hee made fine
 Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not
 much in request, for the olde Women were all dead.
 Then is there heere one Mr. Caper, at the suite of Master
 Three-Pile the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peach-
 colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar.
 Then haue we heere, yong Dizie, and yong Mr. Deepe-
 vow, and Mr. Copperpurre, and Mr. Starue-Lackey the Ra-
 pier and dagger man, and yong Drop-heere that kild lu-
 stie Pudding, and Mr. Forthlight the Tilter, and braue Mr.
 Shootie the great Traueller, and wilde Halfe-Canne that
 flabb'd Pots, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in
 our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abb. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hether.

Clo. Mr. Barnardine, you must rise and be hang'd,

Mr. Barnardine.

Abb. What hoa Barnardine.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o' your throats: who makes that noyse
 there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:

You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepeie.

Abb. Tell him he must awake,

And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Master Barnardine, awake till you are ex-
 ecuted, and sleepe afterwards.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming Sir, he is coming: I heare his
 Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abb. Is the Axe vpon the blocke, sirrah?

Clo. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now Abhorson?

What's the newes vwith you?

Abb. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your
 prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night,
 I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinks all night,
 and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleepe the
 founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abb. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Fa-
 ther: do weiest now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how
 hastily you are to depart, I am come to aduise you,
 Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night,
 and I will haue more time to prepare mee, of they shall
 beat out my braines with billets: I will not consent to
 die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
 Looke forward on the iournie you shall go.

Bar. I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans per-
 swasion.

Duke. But heere you:

Bar. Not a word: if you haue anie thing to say to me,
 come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Enter Prouost.

Duke. Vntil to liue, or die: oh grauell heart!